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—THE—

Women of Lowenburg.

A Historical Comedy in Five Scenes.

—:BY:—

MISS E. MURRAY.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.—A farce. Time forty-five minutes. Three males, three females.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.—A farcical drama in three acts. Time, two hours. Five males, four females.

PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN. (THE)—A farce. Time, fifty minutes. six males, three females.

QUIET FAMILY, (A)—A farce. Time, forty-five minutes. Four males, four females,

REGULAR FIX, (A)—A farce. Time. forty min. Six males, four females.

ROUGH DIAMOND. (THE) (Country Cousin)—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Four males, three females.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, (A)—A comedy drama in five acts. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. Eight males, three females.

SPARKLING CUP, (THE)—A temperance play in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Twelve males, four females.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.—A temperance drama in five acts. Time, two hours. Twelve males, four females.

TOODLES, (THE)—A drama in two acts. Time, one hour and fifteen min. Six males, two females.

TURN HIM OUT.—A farce. Time, forty-five min. Three males, two females.

THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.—A farce. Time, forty minutes. Three males, three females.

UNDER THE LAURELS.—A drama in five acts. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes. Five males, four females.

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

THE

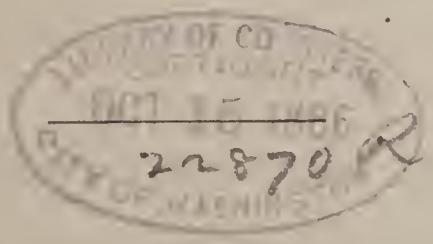
WOMEN OF LÖWENBURG

A HISTORICAL COMEDY

IN FIVE SCENES.

BY

E. MURRAY.



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THE WOMEN OF LÖWENBURG.

CHARACTERS.

JUDGE SEILER.
THE TOWN CLERK.
THE TOWN COUNCIL, MECHANICS, ETC.
LADY SEILER AND DAMES OF THE CITY, MAIDS, ETC.

Time of playing thirty minutes.

COSTUMES, A. D. 1640.

GENTLEMEN.—Loose trousers reaching to knees and fastened by sash garter; tight hose; shoes with large buckles or rosettes; frock coat (doublet) full, and reaching nearly to knees, embroidered, buttoned to waist, sleeves full and closed at wrists with lace cuffs; broad-brimmed hat turned up at one side, with feather; sword; hair long.

CLERKS AND PLAINER GENTLEMEN.—Same trousers; long jacket, instead of doublet; plain black cloak, plain broad-brimmed felt hat.

LABORERS.—Same trousers and jackets, of plain coarse material; coarse shoes.

LADIES.—Long pointed bodices, tightly laced; rich under dress with flowing overskirt opened in front and gathered up behind; sleeves very wide, and trimmed with lace; deep falling collar; hair natural ringlets.

TOWNSWOMEN AND MAIDS.—Plainer dress; instead of pointed bodice easy fitting jacket; ample petticoat showing through the open skirt.

(All these may be made of cheap material.)

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R, means right—the actor facing the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center; *R*, *C*, right center; *U E*, upper entrance, etc.

THE WOMEN OF LÖWENBURG.

NOTE.—During the Thirty Years' War the town of Lowenburg in Silesia passed into the hands of the opposite party. The men conformed to the religion of the dominant party, but the women held to their faith and successfully resisted all attempts at coercion.

SCENE I. *The Town Council deliberating in the Town Hall.*

Judge Seiler. Most worthy and excellent president of the council, I rise to offer the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The women of the city of Lowenburg have for the space of above one year absented themselves from the churches which their husbands attend, and continue to worship apart and in their own wilful manner; and,

WHEREAS, We, the town council of Lowenburg, have observed with much grief of mind and oppression of spirit the contumacious behavior of the aforesaid women; and,

WHEREAS, It is highly proper and a thing settled both by custom and law that women shall submit in all things to the authority of their rightful masters, the aforesaid husbands; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the town council of this ancient city of Lowenburg, do, by virtue of our authority, compel all women henceforth to attend that church which their husbands shall prefer.

President. Is it seconded? (*A confused murmur.*)

Pres. You have heard the weighty and pertinent resolution fair sirs, and it has been seconded. Will you speak to the motion?

Judge S. Honorable President and Worshipful Sirs: I need not say many words, for the facts stare us in the face. I ask you yourselves, is it seemly? Is it well to see a crowd of men bobbing in the churches?

First C. Did you say *nodding*, sir?

Judge S. I said *bobbing*, sir, but I might have said *nodding* as well; without a woman to—

Second C. Keep them awake!

Third C. Without a woman to look at!

Judge S. Without a woman to show proper respect for her husband's opinion.

Herr Julius. I highly approve of this resolution, nor will there be the slightest difficulty in enforcing it. Men can be made to obey laws will they, or nill they, and shall we, officials in our high position, and some of us men venerable in years, find any trouble in dealing with these small, weak creatures?

Fourth C. If our success is dependent on inches and muscles, wise sir, your reasoning is unanswerable.

Herr Mensel. The resolution is, I opine, both wise and opportune, and reflects credit on the sagacity and patriotism of its mover. A man and

his wife should have, as you all must acknowledge, but one creed and one paternoster. As concerns the Ten Commandments, it is not so pressing.

Several. Well said, well said.

Fifth C. I wonder what kind of a wife he has (*aside*).

Sixth C. Six weeks ago he buried her. It is well she does not hear him.

Herr Franz. I think we had better consider this matter well. It may be that the ladies, bless their timid hearts, should take fright at our severity and escape to other places. What, if in our city streets should no longer be seen the lovely young girls, the gentle widows ——. (*Boisterous laughter.*) I call upon his honor the president to stop this unseemly conduct.

Seventh C. Excuse us, gentle sir, but absolutely a widower of a few days should not be in such haste to twine the myrtle.

Pres. I do not consider this a matter for jesting. Shall I put it to the vote. (*Confused answer.*) All who vote in the affirmative will rise. (*Part stand.*)

Eighth C. (*to Neighbor.*) Are you not up?

Ninth C. Nay, nay, my wife is a pleasant woman, none better, but (*to Neighbor*) there are some things I do not meddle with.

Tenth C. to Eighth. For my part my good woman lets be, and I let be, so we have peace.

Eleventh C. (*to Neighbor.*) Now see you here, the men who have no wives are voting bold as sheep, but the married men sit still.

Twelfth C. Not all, see there, the Judge is up.

Thirteenth C. What courage!

Herr Mensel. Well, I think the gentlemen who refuse to vote, are entirely wanting in devotion to their high duties, and are failing their city in her hour of need. If all should thus falter and hesitate, where should we look for heroes to bear our city's flag and hold the keys of our beloved Lowenburg. These gentlemen ——

Judge Seiler. These gentlemen are afraid that some one will tell their wives how they vote.

Fourteenth C. If his honor the judge repeats that slander he will soon find out that I am not afraid of *him* at least.

Pres. I beg the gentlemen to keep the peace. The resolution is passed by a majority of one. Now, fair sirs, how will you carry it into effect?

Fifteenth C. The best way would be for each man to deal with his own wife and make her understand that she must conform to his wishes. (*Exclamations of dismay.*)

1. That man is brother to Solomon, surely—

2. That is out of the question!

3. Entirely impossible!

Sixteenth C. May I ask if any of the wise and noble gentlemen have ever attempted such a thing before?

Seventeenth C. We do not mean to attempt it now.

Eighteenth C. Judge Seiler had better lead the van in this war.

Judge S. (*haughtily.*) I would have you know, sir, that I am not afraid of either man, woman or child.

Herr Schoppell. Why, gentlemen, gentlemen, we are talking of *ladies*, the gentlest and sweetest of beings, who live to please us, who weep if we but frown, and light themselves in our smiles. (*Silenced by irrepressible laughter.*)

Herr Julius. Now, I propose that we send a message to a few of the more distinguished ladies to come here to the Town Hall, inform them of the decision we have thought proper to make, and command them to show an example of obedience. The sight of our august body will overawe their minds and dispose them to obedience; all the other women will of course follow their lead, and the whole matter will be accomplished without noise or disturbance of any kind.

Pres. A very wise plan. Will the secretary write a list of four or five of the most distinguished ladies? Herr Town Clerk, will you please send a billet to each lady named in the list, requiring her immediate presence.

Town Clerk. Certainly, honorable sir.

SCENE II. *Town Council as before.*

Pres. Sir Clerk, have the women arrived?

Town Clerk. Usher, have the women come?

Usher. Oh, yea, and yea, all the women of the city belike. First come my lady, the judge and my mistress Burgomaster sailing along like gallant ships in all the bravery of wimple and coif. Then come, pair by pair, and three by three, women upon women, five hundred of women at the very least. Women, yea and women, quoth I.

(*Councilmen speaking hurriedly.*)

1. Oh, we can't have that.

2. They are not coming up, are they?

3. Hurry down, my good man, hurry down, and tell them they cannot come up.

4. Tell them we only sent for four of the principal ladies, and the rest must go home immediately. (*Usher goes out*).

First C. to Second C. (*who looks out of the window*). Do you see aught of them?

Second C. Yes, it is an army, a mob.

First C. Just give another look; is my wife there?

Second C. I do not know; I do not care to be seen by them just now. Look for yourself, if you please.

First C. No thank you. What the eye does not see, the heart does not rue.

Third C. It would be more appropriate to quote the ostrich just now. I suspect our wives know just where we are without seeing us at present. (*Usher returns*).

Pres. What do the ladies say?

Usher. They say, most worshipful sirs, that they will not allow themselves to be separated. What one does, all will do. Where one goes, all will go.

Fifth C. It will be wise to lock the door till we come to some decision. Five hundred ladies, however amiable, might embarrass our discussions——

Sixth C. And influence our decisions.

Usher (*trying to fasten the door*). I believe, sirs, the door will not lock.

Eighth C. (*excitedly*). Get a bar, man; don't stand haggling there, till the witches are on us.

Eleventh C. Here, here, this passes patience. Witches! Of whom are you speaking, sir?

Twelfth C. Excuse him. The word slipped out in his fright. He meant houris, angels.

Thirteenth C. Angels' visits are not always welcome, apparently.

Fourteenth C. They had better be few and far between.

Pres. (*sternly*). If you have done joking, gentlemen, perhaps you will attend to the serious business on hand. What do you intend to do with regard to these ladies? (*Silence.*)

Town Clerk. I think, honorable sir, I had better go down and speak to them. With vinegar you catch no flies——

Fifteenth C. Who are the flies in this case, they or we?

Town Clerk. And as I was saying—I have always cultivated the habit of using smooth words, notwithstanding any perturbation of mind or untoward circumstances. So I think that by a few kind words I can allay their excited feelings and dispose them to listen to reason.

Herr Mensel. I will accompany him. There are the most cogent reasons for their complying with our request, which I feel sure I can make clear to their weaker minds by quoting precedents and illustrating them with facts. (*They go out*).

Sixteenth C. The brave men. They are actually facing the danger for all of us.

Seventeenth C. May I ask what you mean. Do you really suppose our wives will be so unladylike as to terrify the gentlemen?

Sixteenth C. Oh, of course not. I doubt not that they are on their knees at his feet by now, promising to renounce all errors and walk in procession to any church in the city he chooses, if he only will forgive them.

Seventeenth C. I am glad that you can be so merry. I can only account for it on the supposition that your wife is not in the crowd.

Sixteenth C. Your acuteness is unsurpassed; my wife is away on a visit.

(*An interval of anxious silence.*)

Eighteenth C. Here our messengers come in haste, and rather woe-begone in looks.

First C. His Honor, the clerk, looks as if he had seen a ghost.

Second C. He has. Five hundred of them. Enough to daunt the stoutest heart.

Pres. Well, sir, and will the ladies conform to our wishes?

Clerk. Indeed, indeed, Honorable Herr president and worshipful sirs, I do fear that this council is in no small danger. Not only are the five hundred there as determined and stubborn as—— (*Hesitates.*)

Third C. Never mind; go on. We understand.

Clerk. But every one of them has her bunch of keys by her side, and some are fingering them. (*Silence*).

Fourth C. They cannot do much harm with a bunch of keys.

Fifth C. Can they not so? Did you not hear what happened close here during the late war when two stragglers from one of the armies entered a house in one of the villages, and by way of terrifying the women into confessing where their valuables were hidden, snatched up the baby and held it over the fire. The women fell on them, tooth and nail; the mother actually beat out the brains of one with her great keys, and drove the other out of the house.

Herr Hubner. The dignity of our council must not be infringed in this way. Let us send for the musketeers of the Town Guard. There are a hundred of them and the first fire——

Seventeenth C. If *this* proposition is to be entertained, Honorable President, I move as an amendment that all who vote for it, shall be put into straight-jackets and consigned to the insane asylum.

Pres. But what *did* the ladies say?

Clerk. We politely begged them to conform to their husbands' opinions, and Herr Mensel began to bring forward his arguments when the Lady Seiler answered, "We do not come to argue. We come to stand to our faith, as our parents and preachers have instructed us." Then I begged them to retire and let me inform the honorable council that they had asked fourteen days for consideration, but they replied, "No, my dear sir, we were not taught by our preachers to tell falsehoods, and we will not learn it from you."

Fourteenth C. That was just like them.

Fifteenth C. Just like whom?

Fourteenth C. Well, just like my wife, and I don't care if I *do* say it.

Herr Mensel. Oh, they had more to say. We talked as sweetly as if we were two grandmothers singing cradle songs, and can you imagine what they answered? Said the mistress Burgomaster, "Nay, nay, sirs. Do you think we are so simple as not to perceive the trick by which you would force us women to change our faith against our conscience? You gentlemen have not been consorting together all these days for nothing. Assuredly you have either baked or boiled a pudding full of mischief, which you may eat up yourselves. I shall not enter alone. Where I remain, all my friends remain; and where I go, all my friends will go. Women, is this your will? And they all cried out—I marvel you did not hear the hubbub—'Yea, yea, let it be so; we will hold together as one man.' "

Herr Hubner. Look to the doors, usher.

Clerk. There is but one thing left for us to do. There are back stairs to this building. Let us go down very quietly and silently, get out, lock the doors on this refractory womankind, and make our escape.

All. Well said, well said.

(*They hastily make their exit.*)

Pres. Stop, stop, gentlemen. A motion for adjournment will now be in order.

One of the last C. Excuse me, you had better come on and not lose time unless you wish to be locked in with those bunches of keys.

Pres. (*testily*). The keys are all well enough for an excuse. Why did the men not tell the truth and say they were afraid of their wives' tongues?

Nineteenth C. The whole thing is inexpressibly absurd. What are we running away for?

First C. That we may live to fight another day.

Second C. (*on tip-toe*). How these stairs do creak!

Fourth C. H'sh! H'sh! (*All on tip-toe*).

SCENE III. *A room in the Town Hall. A crowd of women in old time Dutch dresses, seated, knitting calmly.*

First Lady. It seems very quiet here. Our respected husbands are evidently in no hurry to make known their decisions to us.

Second Lady. I have my serious doubts as to whether our respected husbands are in the building. I heard whisperings and tiptoeing some time ago.

Third Lady. Do you suppose they would really run away?

Fourth Lady. Exactly, my dear; it is the very thing I do suppose they would do. You just undertake to convince a man of the reasonableness of anything, and see if he does not instantly remember a business engagement so pressing, that he cannot stop to listen to you.

Fifth Lady. Their next engagement will be their dinners. They can try how comfortably they can get them without us.

Sixth Lady (*going out*). I am going to see if they have gone. (*Exit* R).

(*Sixth Lady returns.*)

Seventh Lady. Well?

Sixth Lady. Well, the whole wise and mighty council have actually decamped, probably in a state of deadly terror. The council room is empty. The stairs are strewn with hats, gloves and handkerchiefs. The doors are locked for fear we shall pursue and annihilate them. (*Hearty laughter*).

Eighth Lady. The poor men, how will they get on without us?

Ninth Lady. They will be all the more glad to get us back.

Tenth Lady. My knitting will make good progress. At home, it is every moment, "Here, good wife, I cannot find this, and where are you, good wife, can't you do this?" It is really strange to sit quietly at my work.

Eleventh Lady. I think they were really afraid of our keys. The poor gentlemen turned pale when I fingered mine a little, but I was only rejoicing that my fresh cheese cakes were locked up, else my poor Dirk would have given them all to the children to keep them quiet.

Twelfth Lady. Who knocks below the window?

Maid (*outside*). Open the window, dear ladies.

First Lady. Ah, my faithful Gretchen.

Second Lady. My precious darling Lina.

Lina. Here, mamma, here is a basket with your dinner. Nurse and I have packed it with everything nice we could find.

Gretchen. Here is yours, noble lady; you'll find your Gretchen stand by you to the last.

Maids. We can't all get to the window. Pass the baskets, hand over hand.

Third Lady. Here, I'll pass them in.

Fourth Lady. How are our households?

Gretchen. Ah, ladies, such times! The worthy gentlemen, they are quite lost, dazed. The town is in an uproar. No one knows what to do.

Fifth Lady. You must do your best to keep things straight, and take care of the children while we are locked in here.

Maids. That we will, blessed ladies; be quite at ease.

Doorkeeper (*pushing up*). Here, women, give way here. What is this crowd?

Maids. Crowd us; no crowd, sir. We are only bringing food to the blessed martyrs you have imprisoned here, more shame to you.

Doorkeeper. Keep civil tongues in your heads, and let me get near the window. I have a message to the ladies. Ladies, ladies, the council has been summoned to reassemble at the President's house, and no doubt you will soon be released.

Sixth Lady. Tell the gentlemen not to trouble themselves; we are in no hurry.

Seventh Lady. Yes, we willingly have patience, as we are quite comfortable here. But tell them we expect them to inform us why we were summoned, and we wish to know if there is any law for imprisoning persons without accusation or warrant.

Doorkeeper. Here comes Herr town clerk, to assure you of your safety.

Eighth Lady. It seems more necessary for us to assure him of safety.

Clerk. Ladies, most esteemed ladies, allow me to assure you that you have entirely misunderstood the whole matter. You are in no danger whatever. Do not, I beg of you, be alarmed or troubled. You have been in no danger from the first. You were only invited to visit your husband's church as an act of friendliness; that indeed was all. We only wished to hold a friendly conference with you, and there was no need of all this excitement. It is not customary with our wise and considerate council to hang a man before they have caught him.

Maids (*outside*). Hang them! What's that? Are they going to hang our ladies? Here, have at them. Hound them off. Hang, quoth they. Throw us your keys, good mistresses; we'll beat behavior into these unmannerly knaves. Oh, hang them indeed, will you so?

First Lady. Fie, girls, fie. Let the men go their way in peace. Such rude ways become not us or our cause. Hear you; let them pass. Let the councillors know that neither for threat or flattery will we yield our precious faith. And as for hanging, we are not so frightened of death that we need cringe or beg for mercy.

Maids. Ah, but they are glad to get out of our way? Hang our ladies, indeed. Fine doings, these.

SCENE IV.—*Room in the President's house. President and three of the Council.*

Pres. (*impatiently*). Where are the rest of the council. It seems hours since I sent for them.

First C. I do not know, Honorable President, but I do know that a crowd of men are in the square, grumbling and growling at the loss of those precious wives of theirs. One would think they could not live without them for a minute. Oh, here comes a deputation of them.

(*Enter five men dressed as mechanics.*)

Pres. Good, my men; what is it you desire?

First Man. Your Honor, we want our wives at home.

Pres. (*angrily*). I am sure I wish they were there, with all my heart. (*Recovering dignity*). Your wives chose to come to the Town Hall and interrupt our deliberations.

Second Man. We understand that you sent for them and locked them up. What crime do you accuse them of? Why were we not informed that we might go bail for them?

Third Man. See here, your Honor, we have our work to do, and we cannot stay at home to cook meals and order the house.

Fourth Man. Do you intend to pay us for our loss of time, while we do our women's work?

Fifth Man. It is well enough for men to fight men, but surely our honorable council have lost their senses when they fight women, and disturb the peace of households.

First Man. At any rate, we must have our women back, and we will.

Pres. (*impatiently*). If you will leave the council undisturbed, we shall have time to arrange the matter.

First Man (*sulkily*). Well, we can wait awhile, I suppose, but if the matter is not arranged soon we will arrange it ourselves, perhaps not much to your Honor's liking. (*Men go out*).

Pres. Where *are* those gentlemen! Ah, Herr Metzer, where are the rest?

Herr Metzer. Some of them are keeping prudently out of the tangle; no one can find them. Herr Pfeifer, he cannot come. He is sitting at home, one twin on each knee, pulling his beard; a room full of riotous children; the maid coming in every moment with a fresh demand—Will he come and count the clean clothes? Will he direct the seamstress? The garret needs inspection. Will he turn over the cheese in press, give out the pillow cases, and make the pudding?

Herr Ritter (*entering*). Our poor friend Herr Julius is worse off. He would have gone to prison in earnest if I had not been there.

All. How! To prison!

Herr Ritter. Yes, worthy sir, to prison. He had his baby, holding it rather awkwardly I think, though I am not much acquainted with babies. He called to the maid to take it, but she came with her hands covered with dough, and had actually the assurance to tell him that he would have bad bread for a week if she had to stop with the child. That imp! it screamed, it yelled. He tried to talk to me, but it was of no use. Meanwhile a monkey of a little girl stood opposite with her finger in her mouth, saying, "Why do you jump the baby so hard, papa? Mamma don't do it in that way." At last he was so annoyed, he gave the baby a clip on the side of its head to stop its screaming. Just then the servant saw him. As she came in she rushed on him like a whirlwind, caught away the baby, yelling, Murder! murder! help! as loud as she could screech. The child ran down stairs shrieking. In came the neighbors; the police fell upon our poor friend, and he would have been carried off to prison if I had not at last made them listen to my account of the facts.

Pres. (*as H. H. enters*). Herr Hutten, welcome! Where is Judge Seiler?

Herr Hutten. Judge Seiler? Oh, he carried matters with a high hand. He ordered dinner, and the girl set before him a dish of stewed crabs, with bread and butter. He found fault and she answered pertly that she "could not get him anything else. Her lady had the keys. Perhaps he had better go and ask her for them." He threw the loaf at her head, and the crabs in the waste basket; then the frightened children began to cry, saying they were hungry. In his fury he sent the dishes out of the window.

First C. What, his wife's china dishes?

Herr Hutten. Yes, truly, imagine his rage. The maid picked up the pieces and ran to the Town house to show them to her lady. He will have a serious reckoning to hold when his wife returns.

Pres. What in the name of common sense are we to do, gentlemen?

Herr Ritter. Unlock the doors and tell them to go home; there is nothing else that we can do.

Herr Metzer. But we shall be a laughing stock in the town if we give up so.

Second C. We shall be that at any rate.

Third C. Whether we are or not, we cannot keep them there. There will be a riot in the town before long.

Herr Ritter. I am quite ready to copy the snail who draws his horns in quicker than he puts them out.

Fourth C. And there the ladies sit knitting and chatting as if they were in Eden.

Herr Metzer. With all the Adams outside the gates.

Pres. (*stiffly.*) I must request the gentlemen to refrain from such allusions.

Fifth C. I move that we send the doorkeeper to unlock the Town Hall.

First C. I second the motion.

Pres. All in favor of the motion will say aye. It is a vote. The doorkeeper is ordered to attend to it.

Herr Metzer (*looking out of the window.*) Judge Seiler, Judge Seiler, we want you.

Judge (*outside.*) Excuse me. I have very important business in Schluppenhausen, and cannot wait. I will be back in a few days.

SCENE V. *Doorkeeper and Town Clerk at the Town Hall.*

Clerk. Have you unlocked all? Now inform the ladies of the fact.

Doorkeeper. Excuse me. I have done my duty, and have nothing more to do with the matter.

Clerk (*entering*). Such a want of public spirit. Ladies! I am happy to inform you that the doors are open. The council request you to retire, and wish me to assure you of their unalterable good will.

First Lady. Did they send an apology for our illegal detention?

Second Lady. Will the council please inform us why we were imprisoned, and by what law?

Third Lady. We do not intend to go out under the stigma of having

been arrested and imprisoned. Will you be kind enough to inform the council of our determination? Either let them proceed according to regular laws, or apologize for their mistake, and escort us from the Hall across the Square, to show that we go out as guests, not as prisoners.

Clerk. I think, ladies, that as the Council is somewhat hurried——

Fourth Lady. We can wait till they make up their minds. We are in no hurry.

Clerk (*going out, to doorkeeper, despairingly*). All the fat is in the fir again.

(*Interval. Ladies knit and chat.*)

Clerk (*returns*). Ladies, I am empowered to inform you that the Council had no intention of imprisoning you. They apologize for any trouble or annoyance the mistake may have caused you, and they are waiting to escort you out.

Fifth Lady. Well, let us return then and set our households in order.

Sixth Lady (*grimly*). Some of them need putting in order. *Ladies come out tranquilly. Gentlemen of the Council bow profoundly. Ladies courtesy and proceed with escort of gentlemen, President at their head. Crowd whispering and gazing, fall in procession following.*)

Town Clerk (*standing alone at the Town Hall, shrugs his shoulders*) To be remembered. The Lowenburg Council must never again interfere with the women's religion.

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3 males, 1 female. Doctor Ipecac has a theory that excessive terror will cure people who are deaf and dumb. His daughter's lover is mistaken for the patient to the terror of all. Only one darky. A capital little piece for schools or parlor. Time 10 minutes.

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5 males, 2 females. (Only two darkys, 1 male, 1 female.) A designing old step-father wishes to marry his step-daughter for her money. She and her lover plan an elopement. The old man discovers it and has an ingenious counter-plot—which fails completely, to his discomfiture. Time 10 minutes. Suited to parlor performance.

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2 males. A white-washer encounters "spirits" in a house he has agreed to white-wash. Plenty of business. Time 8 minutes.

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4 males. A challenge to a duel is worked up in a very funny way. Time 8 minutes.

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3 males, and males for a band. Two hungry niggers strike the musicians for a square meal. Good for school or parlor, and very funny. Time 10 minutes.

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A splendid farce; 3 male, 6 female. Time, 45 m.

IS THE EDITOR IN?

A farce; 4 male and 2 female.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

A drama in three acts; 5 male and 2 female. Time, 1 hour 15 m.

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A farce in high life; 7 females. Time, 30 m.

A very a
male, 2 female. Time, 20 m.

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A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 30 m.

PLAYED AND LOST,

A sketch; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 20 m.

MY JEREMIAH.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 25 m.

LUCY'S OLD MAN.

A sketch; 2 male, 3 female. Time, 20 m.

THE COW THAT KICKED CHICAGO.

A farce; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 25 m.

I'LL STAY AWHILE.

A farce; 4 male. Time, 25 m.

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